<http://www.blindtextgenerator.com/lorem-ipsum>

apostrophe retest

On’e min’g

10 ch

One mo%nin

20 ch

One morning, **when Gr**

50 ch

One morning, @’:l Gregor Samsa woke from troubled.

60 ch

**But I must explain** to you how all this mistaken idea of deno

100 ch

But I must explain to **you how all** this mistaken idea of denouncing pleasure and praising pain was bo

150 ch

A wonderful serenity has **taken possession** of my entire soul, like these sweet mornings of spring which I enjoy with my whole heart. I am alone, and fe

200 ch

A wonderful serenity has taken possession of **my entire soul**, like these sweet mornings of spring which I

enjoy with my whole heart. I am alone, and feel the charm of existence in this spot, which was.

255 ch

The quick, %^&\*( fox jumps over a lazy dog. DJs flock by when MTV ax quiz prog. Junk MTV quiz graced by fox whelps. Bawds jog, **flick quartz, vex nymphs**. Waltz, bad nymph, for quick jigs vex! Fox nymphs grab

quick-jived waltz. Brick quiz whangs jumpy veldt

255 ch email

TheOnemorning123whenGregor1254635SamsawokefromtroubleddreamshefoundhimselftransformedinhisbedintoahorriblalwayseverminHelayonhisarmourlikebackand1\_ifheliftedhisheadalittle@everydayinperpetuityhecouldseehisbrownbellyslightlydomedanddividedbyarches.com

500 ch

The quick, brown fox **jumps over a lazy dog. DJs flock by when MTV ax quiz prog. Junk MTV quiz graced by fox whelps. Bawds jog, flick quartz, vex** nymphs. Waltz, bad nymph, for quick jigs vex! Fox nymphs grab

quick-jived waltz. Brick quiz **whangs jumpy** veldt fox. Bright vixens jump; dozy fowl quack. Quick wafting zephyrs vex bold Jim. Quick zephyrs blow, vexing daft Jim. Sex-charged fop blew my junk TV quiz. How quickly daft jumping zebras vex. Two driven jocks help fax my big quiz. Quick, Baz, get

2500 ch

Far far away, behind the word mountains, far from the countries Vokalia and Consonantia, there live the blind texts. Separated they live in Bookmarksgrove right at the coast of the Semantics, a large language ocean. A small river named Duden flows by their place and supplies it with the necessary regelialia. It is a paradisematic country, in **which roasted parts of sentences fly into your mouth. Even the all-powerful Pointing has no control about the blind texts it is an almost unorthographic life One day however a small line of blind text by the name of Lorem Ipsum decided** to leave for the far World of Grammar. The Big Oxmox advised her not to do so, because there were thousands of bad Commas, wild Question Marks and devious Semikoli, but the Little Blind Text didn’t listen. She packed her seven versalia, put her initial into the belt and

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2500 ch no paragraphs or odd formatting

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5000 ch

One morning, when Gregor woke from **troubled dreams, he found himself** transformed in his bed into a horrible vermin. He lay on his armour-like back, and if he lifted his head a little he could see his brown belly, slightly domed and divided by arches into stiff sections. The bedding was hardly able to cover it and seemed ready to slide off any moment. His many legs, pitifully thin compared with the size of the rest of him, waved about **helplessly as he looked**. "What's happened to me?" he thought. It wasn't a dream. His room, a proper human room although a little too small, lay peacefully between its four familiar walls. A collection of textile samples lay spread out on the table - Samsa was a travelling salesman - and above it



there *hung a picture* that he had £”@%&l@y cut out of an illustrated magazine and housed in a nice, gilded frame. It showed a lady fitted out with a fur hat and fur boa who sat upright, raising a heavy fur muff that covered the whole of her lower arm towards the viewer. Gregor then turned to look out the window at the dull weather. Drops of **rain could be heard hitting the pane, which** made him feel quite sad. "How about ~~if I sleep a little bit longer~~ and forget all this nonsense", he thought, but that was something he was unable to do because he was used to sleeping on his right, and in his present state couldn't get into that position. However hard he threw himself onto his right,

1. he always rolled back to where he was. He must have tried it a hundred times, shut his eyes so that he wouldn't have to look at the floundering legs, and only
2. stopped when he began to feel a mild, dull pain there that he had never felt before. "Oh, God", he thought, "what a strenuous career it is that I've chosen! Travelling day in and day out. Doing business like this takes much

more effort than doing your own business at home, and on top of that there's the curse of travelling, worries about making train connections, bad and irregular food, contact with different people all the time so that you can never get to know anyone or become friendly with them. It can all go to Hell!" He felt a slight itch up on his belly; **pushed himself slowly up on** his back towards the headboard so that he could lift his head better; found where the itch was, and saw that it was covered with lots of little white spots which he didn't know what to make of; and when he tried to feel the place with one of his legs he drew it quickly a because as soon as he touched it he was overcome by a cold shudder. He slid back into his former position. "Getting up early all the time", he thought, "it makes you stupid. You've got to get enough sleep. Other travelling salesmen live a life of luxury. For instance, whenever I go back to the guest house during the morning to copy out the contract, these gentlemen are always still sitting there eating their breakfasts. I ought to just try that with my boss; I'd get kicked out on the spot. But who knows, maybe that would be the best thing for me. If I didn't have my parents to think about I'd have given in my notice a long time ago, I'd have gone up to the boss **and told him just what I think**, tell him everything I would, let him know just what I feel. He'd fall right off his desk! And it's a funny sort of business to be sitting up there at your desk, talking down at your subordinates from up there, especially when you have to go right up close because the boss is hard of

* hearing. Well, there's still some hope; once I've got the money together to pay off my parents' debt to him - another five or six years I suppose - that's definitely what I'll do. That's when I'll make the big change. First of all **though,**
* **I've got to get up, my train leaves at five." And he looked over at the alarm clock, ticking on the chest of drawers. "God in Heaven!" he thought.** It was half past six and the hands

were quietly moving forwards, it was even later than half past, more like quarter to seven. Had the alarm clock not rung? He could see from the bed that it had been set for four o'clock as it should have been; it certainly must have rung. Yes, but was it possible to quietly sleep through that furniture-rattling noise? True, he had not slept peacefully, but probably all the more deeply because of that. What should he do now? The next train went at seven; if he were to catch that he would have to rush like mad and the collection of samples was still not packed, and he did not at all feel particularly fresh and lively. And even if he did catch the train he would not avoid his boss's anger as the office assistant would have been there to see the five o'clock train go, he would have put in his report about Gregor's not being there a long time ago. The office assistant was the boss's man, spineless, and with no understanding. What about if he reported sick? But that would be extremely strained and suspicious as in fifteen years of service Gregor had never once yet been ill. His boss would certainly come round with the doc

5000ch no bullet pointing or paragraphs

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16000ch

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